

THE 1346. h.
BATTLE
OF
EPSOM
A
NEW BALLAD.

..... Bella, horrida Bella.

VIRG.



GUILDFORD:
Printed and Sold by CHARLES MARTIN, 1763.

[Price THREE-PENCE.]

B A T T L E

OF

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N E W B A T T L E

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IT may be proper to inform the Reader, that at the Desire of *eight* Gentlemen of the County of *Surry*, a Meeting was appointed by the Sheriff, to consider of an Address to his Majesty on the *Peace*. This Meeting was fixed, by public Advertisement, for the 7th of *July*, 1763, at *Epsom*, which was thought the more extraordinary, because the Body of the County were to meet at the *Affizes*, so soon afterwards as the 27th. As no good Reason could be given for the Meeting at *Epsom*, it was believed that the Gentlemen who desired it, were afraid of trusting the Proposition for an Address to the natural and usual Channel, the *Affize-Meeting*; and therefore, though an Address *on the Peace*, from any Place, would have been disliked by many, the Manner in which *this* was intended to be brought on, made it the more objectionable.

The County of *Surry* has ever been distinguished by it's Attachment to the present Royal Family. That Attachment was manifested in the strongest Manner in the Year 1745; a Season, when many Gentlemen, now holding considerable Posts in the Administration, were so far from giving any Proof of their Love of *Liberty*, and our *present happy Establishment*, that they were, with too much Reason, suspected of wishing the Destruction of *both*. The uncommon Industry which has lately been exerted to procure Addresses from every Part of the Kingdom, on so *stale* a Subject as the *Peace*, has induced many to imagine, that they have been sent on Foot to serve *ministerial Purposes* only, and to support an Administration which has found Means, by a Creation of *new and unnecessary Places*,* by conferring *Titles*,* *Pensions*, and *Reversions* in a Degree unknown to former

* There are now twenty Lords of the Bed-Chamber, including the Groom of the Stole, instead of thirteen; and fifteen Grooms of the Bed-Chamber, (all Members of the House of

former Times, to continue in Power, notwithstanding the Inability they have discovered in Business, and their pursuing the most odious and unpopular Measures that could possibly be adopted. This Apprehension, and the firmest Belief that the *Peace* was *inadequate* to our *Situation*, compared with that of our Enemies, as well as to our *Successes* in the War, induced many Gentlemen to attend the Meeting at *Epsom*. Their public Spirit had the desired Effect; they prevented, at that Time, the Opinion of a few from passing as the Sense of the County; and from the Spirit then shewn, it is believed the Motion for an Address on the *Peace* will not be carried at any future Meeting.

The Author of the following Trifle has turned into Verse the principal Debates and Transactions of the *Epsom* Meeting. He did this for his own Amusement only; but having shewn it, perhaps indiscreetly, to some of his Friends, he has by them been prevailed upon to permit it to be printed.

Surry, July, 18, 1763.

Commons, except one) instead of the former Number eight. Economy has indeed been established amongst Cooks and Scullians, who have no Parliamentary Interest, but Profusion has usurped her Place in every Instance where Influence might be extended. This unnecessary Addition to the Bed-Chamber, the great Increase of Pensioners, and probably other Transactions of the Winter, of a more private Nature, will account perhaps for the great Debt which is said to be owing on the Civil List.

* *Vide the great Increase of the Peerage, since the Death of the late King; an Increase, which has given a new Turn to the Deliberations of the House of Lords.*



THE
B A T T L E
O F
E P S O M.

----- *Bella, horrida Bella.*

V I R G.

YE good Men of *Surry*, both ancient and young,
All loyal and true, pray attend to my Song;
I sing, tho' the *Scotchmen* should smile, or should frown,
The wonderful Feats done at *Epsom* fair Town.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

How **EIGHT** *English* Worthies a Meeting desired,
To address on the *Peace*, by their Duty inspired,
Tho' Scandal has said, with a very ill Grace,
Some wanted to keep, others get—a good Place.

Derry down, &c.

Th' *Affizes*, tho' near, would not answer their Ends;
The Jury might vanquish this Junto of Friends;
From whence 'twas inferr'd, that fair *Epsom* they chose,
Presuming that none would come down—to oppose.

Derry down, &c.

But *Mawbey*, who heard of their Plan, and could guess,
Set Engines at work to prevent their Success;
To his firm *Borough* Friends his Objections made known,
Who vow'd to go with him to *Epsom* fair Town.

Derry down, &c.
There

There was *Stevens, Smith, Jackson*, and brave *Johnny Wood*,
Waite, Winter and *Jeffries*, all stout Men and good :
Hills, Stapleton, Liversidge, Fry once again,
Tovey, Maidman and *Andrews*, and *Protestant Ben*.

Derry down, &c.

The Doctor was there, for his Coach *Mawbey* lent,
 Tho' Cholic, 'twas thought, or else Sleep would prevent :
 But rather than countenance Actions so small,
 He'd wait a Year longer——without any Stall.

Derry down, &c.

There was *Gillam, Leach, Fox* too, from *Redriff's* fam'd
 Town,
 From *Clapham* and *Wandsworth, Wright, Atkins* and *Brown*,
Webb, Draper and *Chilwell*, and many a Score,
 From *Putney* and *Lambeth*, and Villages more.

Derry down, &c.

There was *Hollowley, Hopkins*——besides other Votes,
 To Liberty true, led by brave Gen'ral *Cotes*;
 Who firm to his Country and Friend will e'er shine,
 As free in Opinion, as free with his Wine.

Derry down, &c.

At fair *Epsom* arrived, see, the Enemy near,
 Survey with Concern, as awaken'd by Fear ;
 Some think of the Combat, of others the Aim,
 Was——only to steal away just as they came.

Derry down, &c.

Northey, Godschall and *Tucker*, their Fears making known,
 Did not like the Appearance, so wish'd to postpone ;
 But ~~Talk~~ *t*, the furious, and dull, won't agree,
 And *Geary* the valiant, cry'd, Sir's, it shan't be.

Derry down, &c.

It ne'er shall be told that of Danger afraid,
 A true *English* Tar ever drew back his Head ;
 The Thought, I must own, puts me into a Rage,
 So, on, worthy Sirs, hasten quick, and engage.

Derry down, &c.

The

The Troops all drawn up, *Mawbey* 'gan the Attack;
And *Northey* and *Godschall* were forc'd to draw back;
Their Quarters were ta'en by Surprize and Neglect,
O'erthrown by a Weapon they did not expect.

Derry down, &c.

What? let it be said, Boys, in *Surry's* fam'd Shire,
That we *Onflows* forget, tho' there's none of them here?
I'm sure you will all with my Motion agree,
Thanks to *Vincent* and *Onslow*, the honest and free.

Down down, &c.

When Tools most corrupt, late together were yok'd,
And this Land, by a *Thistle*, had like t' have been choak'd;
When a *Cyder-Excise*, did our Annals D'sgrace,
Both firmly oppos'd, and one gave up his Place.

Derry down, &c.

The many were pleas'd, tho' the Motion was new,
And join'd in Applause of a Conduct so true:
But wak'd from his Trance, *Godschall* begs they would wait,
And pay a Respect to the King—and all that.

Derry down, &c.

Respect to the King, Sir, I'll ever approve,
Says *Mawbey*, and shew in all Places my Love;
I'll wave now my Motion, my very good Friend,
And for Freedom and *George*, my last Shilling would spend.

Derry down, &c.

The Peace let's consider, and vote an Address,
One glorious and great can deserve nothing less.
You see, cries bold *Godschall*, how fast they come in,
We're almost the last, so it's Time to begin.

Derry down, &c.

What is it to us, *Mawley* cries, in a Pet,
If venal Addressees fill ev'ry Gazette:
Who's first, of Scotch Counties let that be the Strife,
Clackmannagh, or *Peebles*, or *Elgin*, or *Fife*?

Derry down, &c.
Shall

Shall, we, independent, contribute Applause,
 And sacrifice Truth to support a bad Cause?
 The *Peace* I think *bad*, yet e'en now let it pass, —
 Th' Address is ill tim'd — there's a Snake in the Grass.

Derry down, &c.

* Eight Months are elapsed since the Treaty was made,
 Which gave up our Conquests, our Fish'ry, our Trade,
Guadaloupe, Martinique, other Places a Score, —
 If this was well done, why not thank for't before?

Derry down, &c.

When Providence late, in Return to our Pray'r,
 To maintain all our *Rights*, gave to *England* an Heir,†
 What then was the Way *your* Respect to express,
 You staid all at Home, nor would meet to address.

Derry down, &c.

Cotes, Atkins, and *Steavens*, their Arguments bring,
 Thus late to Address, is a very odd Thing;
 'Twou'd look like a Want, or of Place, or of Sense,
 The *Peace* we dislike — no Addressees from hence.

Derry down, &c.

Blood, Death and Confusion, what Words do I hear,
 Says *T—lb—t*, by *G—d*, I'm a Stranger to Fear?
 Help, *Geary*, help, *Sampson*, help, *Halifax* brave,*
 The *Ministers* want, — an Address they shall have.

Derry down, &c.

You've seen a mad Bull roar and tear up the Ground,
 Vex'd, furious, and loud, with his Eyes rolling round;
 You've seen the *bold Thunder*, on *Drury-Lane* Stage,
 Rant, threaten, and bluster, — 'twas like *T—lb—t's* Rage.

Derry down, &c.

* The Preliminary Articles of Peace were signed at Fontainebleau, on the 3d of November, 1762.

† It is observable that none of the Gentlemen that desired this Meeting, and were so anxious to address on the Peace, attended the Meeting last Autumn, to address the King on the Birth of the Prince of Wales.

Zounds!

Zounds ! why does this Fellow rave, bully, and sweat !
Fore God, I will lay him down low at my Feet,
If he hectors, cries *Humph'ry*, and pushes away,
I'll give him enough to remember the Day.

Derry down, &c.

Ye Black-guards of *Southwark*, says *Sampson* the bell,
Pray what do you here ?—you shall know I can scold ;
Your betters they are, Sir, cries *John*, with a Frown,
The Parson was mute, and sat quietly down.

Derry down, &c.

The Battle now rages, a terrible Sound,
Address, no *Address*, were the Words all around :
The * Clergy desert, such Achievements they scorn :
It was not the Way,——to Preferment and *Lawn*.

Derry down, &c.

Who's that in grey Hair, who the Foe so defies ?
Nab Waters, is't you, may I credit my Eyes ?
Your Zeal, I well know, would do this and much more,
But thought you'd enough of the County before.

Derry down, &c.

Help *Waters*, help *Sampson*, help gallant Men all,
Poor *Bund* is o'erthrown, a most terrible Fall !
O'erwhelm'd he must die, if he cannot get loose,
Adieu ! then alas ! the fam'd *Cause of the Goose*.

Derry down, &c.

Where's *Evelyn*, where's *Webb*, for I cannot yet see,
Come *Cart'ret* and help, and we'll give you a Fee :
But *Evelyn* attended his Father's last Call,
And *Webb* had enough of th' Affair at *Guildhall*.†

Derry down, &c.

* *The Rev. Mr. Halifax, Vicar of Ewell.*

* *The greatest Part of the Clergy left the Assembly-Room after the debates were begun about the Peace, and were not present at the division.*

† *The Actions brought against the King's Messengers, &c. by the Journeymen Printers, were decided at Guildhall the day before this Meeting.*

Cries,

Cries, *Talbot*, 'tis vain to oppose such an Host,
 And *Godscall*, and *Tucker* were pale as a Ghost :
 Help, *Turner*, dear *Nic*, for we're all in a Fright :——
 No *Turner* was there,——he was drunk over-night.

Derry down, &c.

Come *Knight, Clerks, and Pensioners, come to our Aid,
 Come Foreigners, Minors, or else we're betrayed :
 Stand firm, my brave Lads, or our Wishes are crost,
 Our Honour is soil'd, and our *Places* are lost.

Derry down, &c.

In vain,——for these Combatants fairly were beat,
 Tho' some, by fresh help, now secured a Retreat :
 The Field they relinquish'd, the Dead were all found,
 And bury'd they'll be,——in *some rich Abbey-Ground*.†

Derry down, &c.

Now God bless the King, and all those of his Blood,
 And send him a Ministry able and good :
 May *Surry's* fam'd County henceforth be at rest,
 If not, pray remember the Blow from the *East*.‡

Derry down, &c.

* Alluding to a certain Knight, Sir H^{enry} St. J^{ohn}, two Attorneys Clerks, Gentlemen Pensioners, Boys and others, (Foreigners with Respect to the County, as having no Property in it) who came to vote for the Address.

† In Allusion to a Song of Dr. H^{oward's} Rector of St Geo. Southw^{ich}!

‡ The East half Hundred of Brixton, and that Neighbourhood, from whence most of the Gentlemen came who opposed the Address.



F I N I S.

